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ROBINSON
HARRIS
VON CRAWFORDER

STARMAN



HARRIS
96

THE DAY BEFORE THE DAY TO COME.

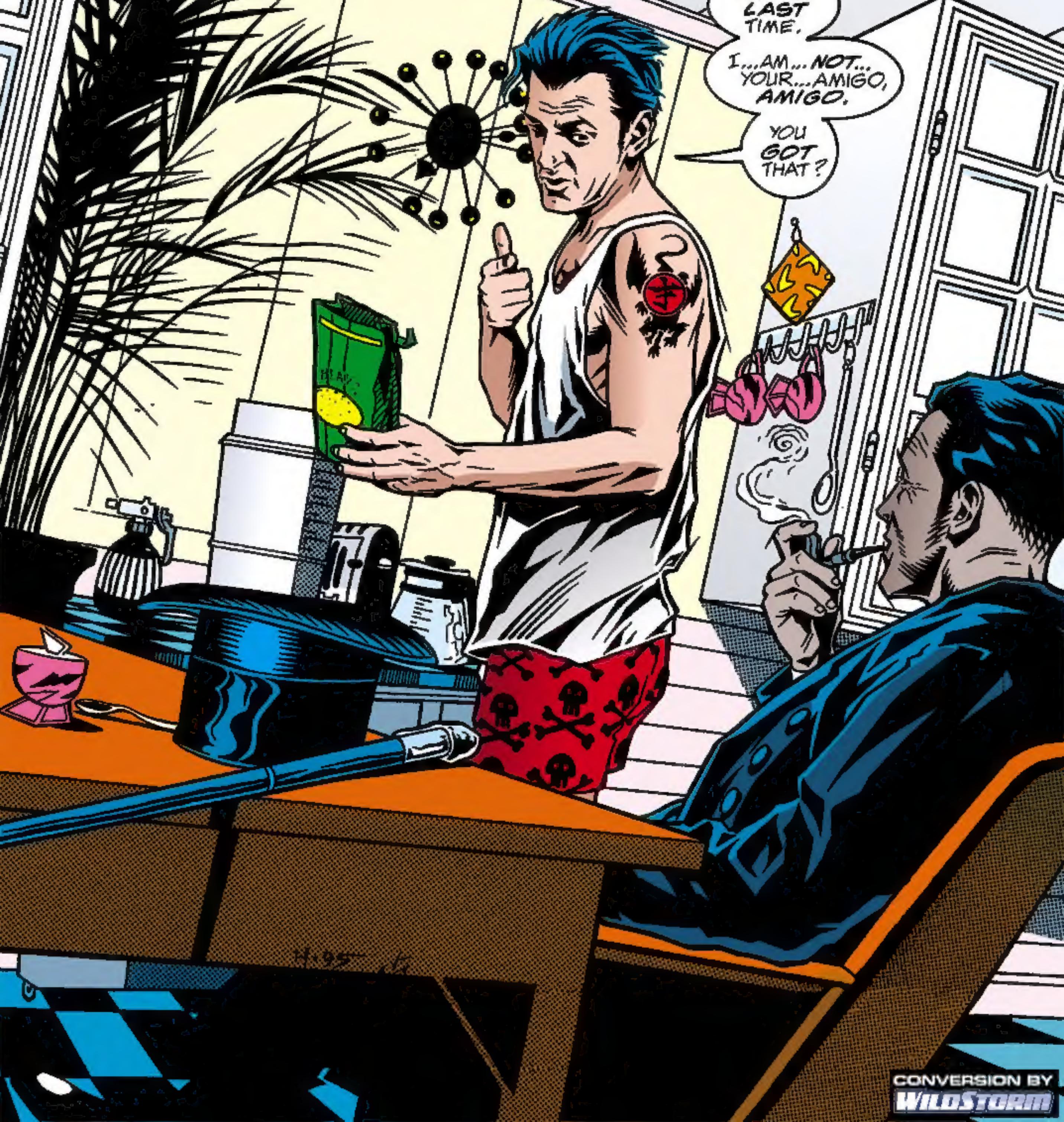
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LOOK, I AGREED TO
READ YOUR DAMN
BOOKS. THAT I
AGREED TO.

BUT I AM NOT YOUR
TRAINED MONKEY BOY.
YOU NEED A FAVOR,
GO FIND A FRIEND.

FOR THE
LAST
TIME.

I...AM...NOT...
YOUR...AMIGO,
AMIGO.
YOU
GOT
THAT?



IT'S NOT A FAVOR I ASK.
IT'S NEED OF YOU...THIS
CITY HAS NEED OF ITS
HERO. I ACT MERELY
AS HERALD TO THE
THREAT YOU WILL
ULTIMATELY HAVE
TO FACE.

YEAH, WELL MR. HERALD, YOU
CAN BLOW YOUR TRUMPET
SOMEWHERE ELSE. TELL-
ING ME WHAT I HAVE TO
FACE... WHERE DO YOU
GET OFF?

I REPEAT,
THE CITY HAS
NEED OF ITS
HERO. YOU ARE
THAT HERO,
ARE YOU NOT?

MAYBE.

BUT, I GOT THE
CALL NOT LONG
AGO. THE MIST'S
DAUGHTER NASH
HAS ESCAPED
FROM JAIL. I
MIGHT WELL BE
NEEDED. SOON,
TOO, IF SHE GETS
UP TO MISCHIEF.
I DON'T WANT
YOUR MESS
ADDING TO
THAT MESS.

ALL RIGHT, CHASE HER.
CATCH HER, BUT LISTEN
TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY,
FIRST. THE STORY OF
THIS NEW EVIL, WHICH
CONCERN'S ME SO.

NEW TO THE OPAL, AT
LEAST. IT'S ACTUALLY
A VERY OLD THREAT.



MAN, YOU AND YOUR TALES.
I'M SURPRISED YOU EVER
HAD TIME TO BE A BAD GUY
ONCE, WITH ALL YOUR
STORY TELLING.

DO YOU KNOW OF
OSCAR WILDE?
HIS WORK?

NO, I'M A
COMPLETE
MORON.

HE TOLD ME OF SOMEONE
HE'D ENCOUNTERED IN HIS
PAST. SOMEONE WHO HAD
LIVED FOR MANY LIFETIMES.

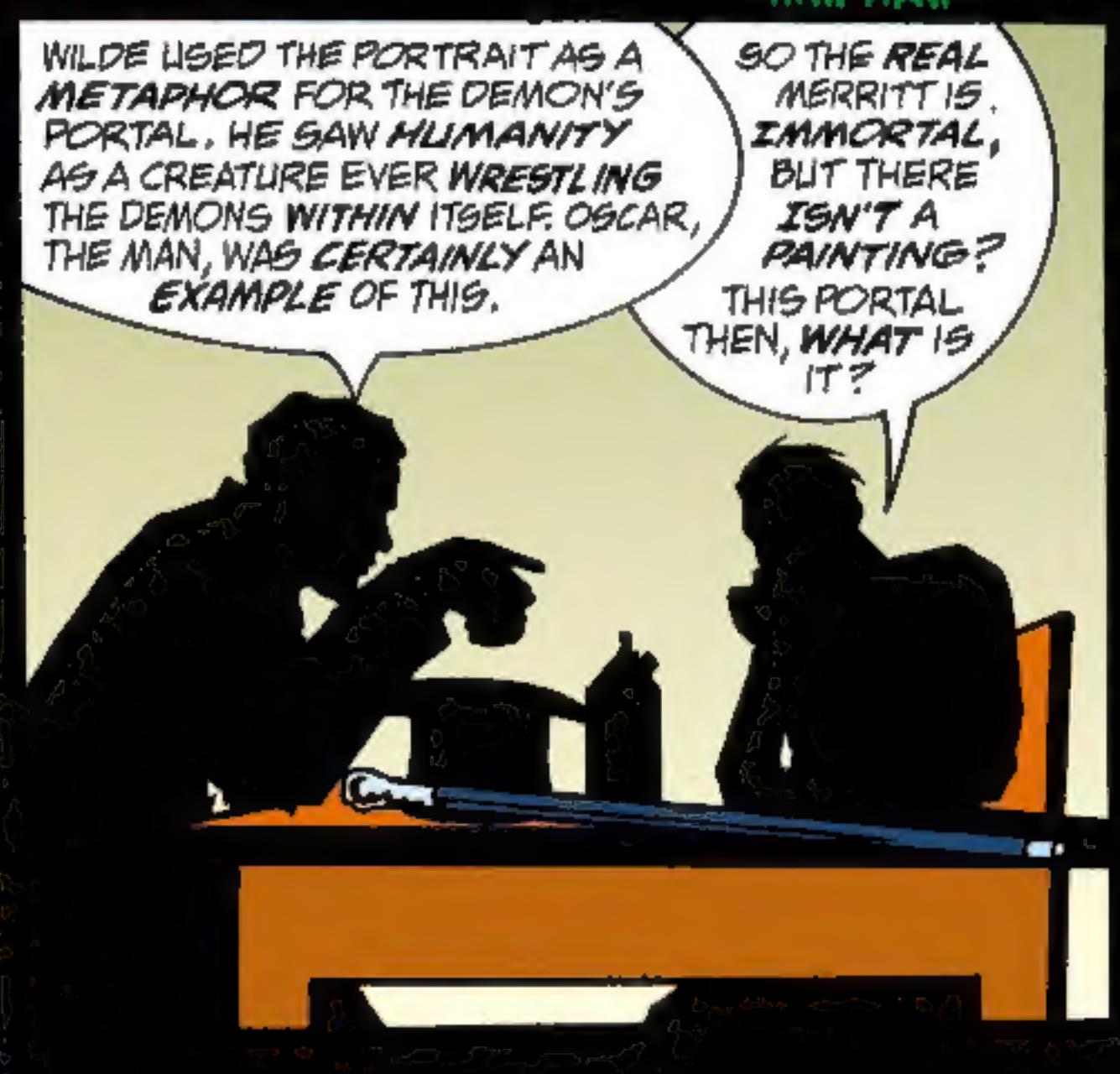
LIKE YOU?

LIKE ME, INDEED. AND AS
A RESULT...BECAUSE WE
BOTH SHARED THAT
SINGULAR TRAIT, THIS
CHARACTER INTERESTED
ME.

WILDE WROTE A
FICTION ABOUT THIS
VERY REAL IMMORTAL.

THE PORTRAIT
OF DORIAN
GRAY.

YOU'RE SAYING THAT WAS
REAL? A GUY FOREVER
YOUNG, WITH HIS OTHER,
OLDER SELF EVER
AGING IN A PICTURE.
WELL, FUNKY.



A POSTER, BUT NOT OF ANYONE OR THING. THE IMAGE CONSTANTLY CHANGES.

PEOPLE PASS IT. PEOPLE ARE TAKEN.

AND MERRITT AND HIS POSTER ARE NOW IN OPAL CITY?

I BELIEVE SO. THE POLICE TOO ARE JUST BEGINNING TO THINK THERE'S SOMETHING AMISS! A PATROL MAN VANISHED, WHICH ALERTED THEM TO MISDOING. ALTHOUGH I DARE SAY THEY'D BE SURPRISED BY HOW THIS VANISHING TOOK PLACE.

SO WHY DO YOU CARE?

I DON'T. NOT ABOUT ANYWHERE ELSE. BUT OPAL CITY... THEY'LL BE NO DEMONS AND SNATCHINGS HERE.

I'VE TRIED TO KEEP TRACK OF MERRITT'S TRAVELS, ALL OVER THE GLOBE AND BACK AGAIN.

WELL, SPARE ME THE OTHER FOR NOW. I COULDN'T BEAR THE TENSION.

I TELL YOU ALL THIS SO YOU'RE AWARE. SO IF THE CALL TO ACTION COMES YOU'LL KNOW WHAT IT WILL ENTAIL AND WHO THE ENEMY IS.

SO, YOU KNOW.

ALL RIGHT, FAIR ENOUGH.

I'M GOING AWAY. CENTRAL CITY WAS MERRITT'S LAST PORT OF CALL HE MAKES MONEY BY USING THE POSTER... PLANTING IT STRATEGICALLY SO A VERY PARTICULAR SOUL IS TAKEN, PEOPLE WANTING THAT PERSON OUT OF THE WAY PAY HIM FOR THE SERVICE.

HE'S A PAID KILLER IS WHAT YOU'RE SAYING? POSTER AND A PET DEMON INSTEAD OF A GUN OR A KNIFE, BUT IT AMOUNTS TO THE SAME.



YES. I'M SURE HE'D RATIONALIZE IT AS SOMETHING POETIC, BUT INDEED. HE'S A PAID KILLER. YES.

I HAVE A LEAD ON HIS LAST CLIENT THERE. THE LAST DIRECTED KILL. I LEAVE TONIGHT TO LEARN WHAT MERRITT'S CLIENT KNOWS.



WHAT IF HE WON'T ADMIT TO ANYTHING?

OH, HE WILL.

WHEN I RETURN TO OPAL, I'LL RETURN TO YOU. THAT'S IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I'VE DISCOVERED?



GOOD.

UNTIL... THEN.



I'VE TRIED VARIOUS
THINGS. BUT I
CAN'T FIND
DIRECTIONS.

AVENUES.

SOME MANNER THAT MIGHT UNLOCK THE KNOWLEDGE ACQUIRED BY MICHAEL THOMAS...OR MIKAAL TOMAS, AS HE WAS KNOWN ON HIS HOME PLANET, AND AS MY SON UNEARTHED FROM THE SHADE'S WRITING.

I'VE TRIED DEVICES TO STIMULATE BRAIN ACTIVITY.

I'VE TRIED MORE GROUNDED FORMS OF THERAPY.

NONE OF IT TO ANY APPARENT EFFECT.

HE STILL TALKS IN ALIEN TONGUE, NOTHING THAT I CAN TRANSLATE OR DEFINE.

I HOPE I CAN ACCOMPLISH THIS...THE TASK AT HAND.

BUT I'M A MAN OF THE STARS... NOT AN INTERPRETER NOR A SPECIALIST ON MEMORY LOST. PERHAPS, INDEED, THIS JOB IS MORE THAN THE SUM OF MY ABILITIES.

I MIGHT HAVE TO

OR PERHAPS...I'M BEING OVERLY HARD ON MYSELF.



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WIL O'THE
WISP

I SUPPOSE BY NOW,
YOU MIGHT WONDER
IF NASH HAS A
SECOND NAME.

DON'T
BOther
WONDERING.

YOU'LL NEVER
KNOW.

THOUGH... AS SHE ENTERS
ONE OF THE HIDEAWAYS
HER FATHER'S HAD PEP-
PERED THROUGHOUT THE
CITY...

SHE'S NASH.
AND THAT'S
THAT.

...AS SHE LOOKS AT
EQUIPMENT THAT
STRAINS UNDER
THE WEIGHT OF
THE DUST UPON
IT...

...AS SHE HEARS THE
VELVETEEN KIDS OF
THAT SAME DUST
BENEATH HER FEET...

...IT IS
APPARENT...

...SHE INTENDS
TO BECOME
SOMETHING
MORE.



JACK KNIGHT!
WHAT BRINGS
YOU HERE?

JUST PASSING.
'S BEEN A
WHILE.

I NEVER DID
THANK YOU
PROPERLY
FOR HELPING
ME, BACK WHEN
I NEEDED
IT.

HOW DID I HELP YOU?
YOU ENTERED MY
SHOP, WE CHATTED
FOR A FEW MINUTES
AND THEN YOU LEFT.
THAT'S ALL I RECALL.

YEAH, YOU COULD BE RIGHT, AT THAT. BUT I WAS RUNNING AND SCARED. I NEEDED A BREATHER AND I GOT IT HERE. THOSE FEW MINUTES OF CHAT MEANT A LOT TO ME FOR THAT REASON.



AND...

...I WAS WONDERING...
YES?
...YOU MENTIONED HAVING THE SIGHT... BEING ABLE TO PREDICT EVENTS. YOU EVEN GAVE ME A CLUE OR TWO REGARDING WHAT THAT FUTURE MIGHT BE.



I'D LIKE MORE.

I FEEL SOMETHING... SOMETHING--

BREWING?

EXACTLY!

I'LL PAY YOU, OF COURSE. I'D LIKE TO KNOW. ANYTHING YOU KNOW.



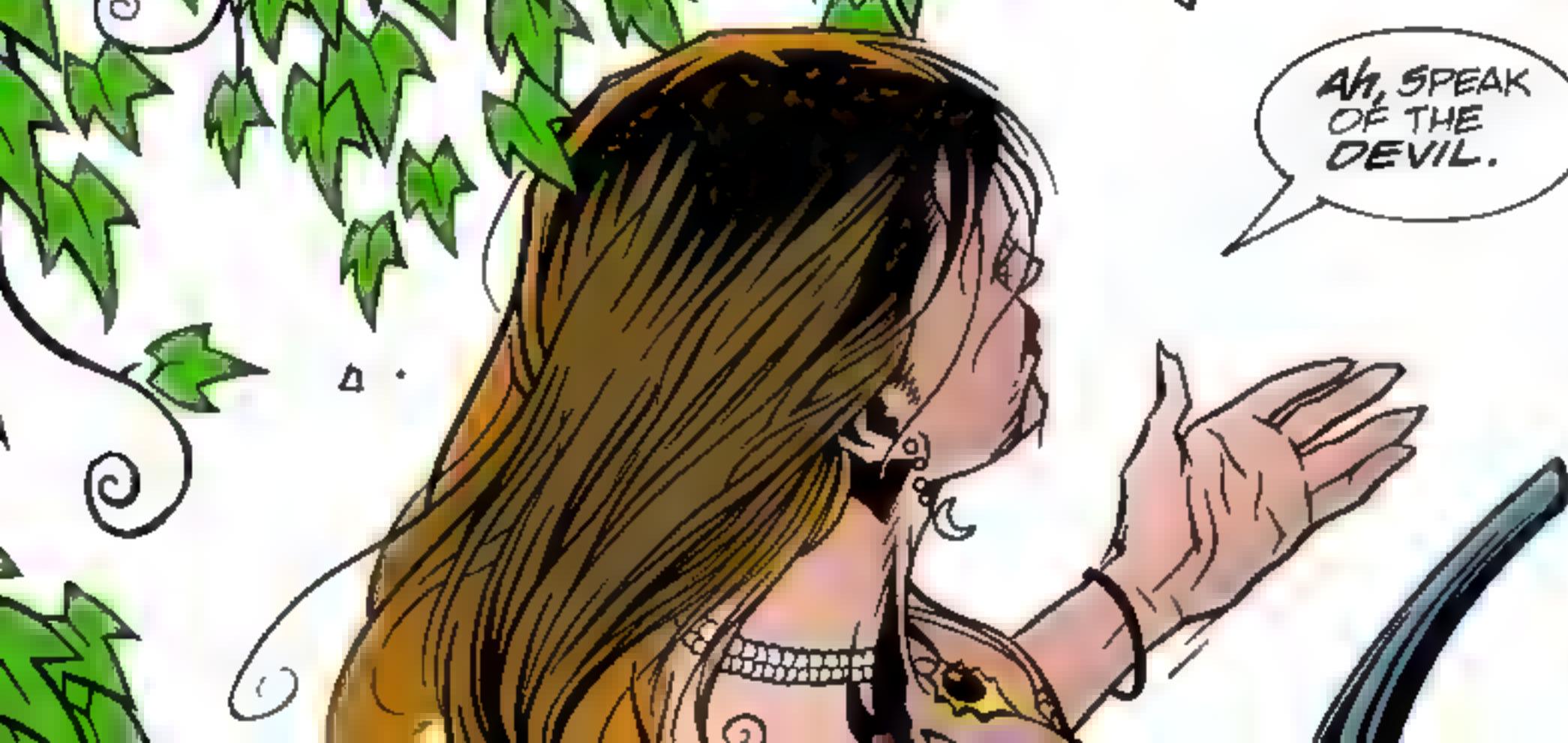
I'D BE HAPPY TO, JACK, FOR A MODERATE FEE. BUT...

...NOT NOW.

NO?
I HAVE ANOTHER CLIENT. IN FACT SHE'S DUE ANY MO--

ZNK

AH, SPEAK OF THE DEVIL.



HELLO,
CHARITY.
SORRY
I'M LATE.

DON'T WORRY, HON. I HAD A HANDSOME,
YOUNG MAN TO ENTERTAIN ME. THE
TIME FLEW.

JACK, THIS IS
SADIE FALK.

SADIE,
JACK
KNIGHT.

SADIE'S
NEW TO
THE OPAL.
NEWER
THAN ME.

GLAD TO
MEET--

TOO
LATE!

WHAT?

TO MEET
ME. WE'VE
ALREADY
MET.

ERRRR

YOU BUMPED INTO ME.
THE CIRCUS. YOU WEREN'T
LOOKING WHERE YOU
WERE GOING.

IF I HAPPEN
TO BE UNLUCKY ENOUGH
TO PASS YOU IN A CROWD
AGAIN, BE MORE CARE-
FUL WHERE YOU STEP.

OR BETTER STILL, HOP ON
THAT COSMIC BROOM-
STICK OF YOURS, TAKE
TO THE SKIES AND KEEP
OUT OF EVERYONE'S
WAY.

DO US
ALL A
FAVOR.

I...

...I...

...I...

OH YEAH.
YEAH.
THAT WAS
YOU?

FUNNY, WHAT
A SMALL
WORLD--

MAN, OH
MAN. WHAT
A BITCH.

I HOPE THAT WAS
SOME MENSTRUAL
THING. I HOPE TO
GOD THAT WAS IT.

I'LL DIVE DOWN AN ALLEYWAY,
IF I EVER SEE HER COMING.
SHE HAS NO FEAR OF EVER
BUMPING INTO ME.

MAN, IF THAT WAS HER ON A
GOOD DAY, THEN ONE WEEK
IN THE MONTH, HELL IS
SERIOUSLY A-POPPIN'

EVER.

NOT EVER.

RING!

MAYBE.
WHO'S
ASKING?

FEMALE.
NICE
VOICE
TOO.

I'M CALLING...I THOUGHT I
COULD ASK YOU FOR YOUR
HELP...YOU, WE HAVE SOME-
THING IN COMMON, AND I
HOPE IT'S ENOUGH THAT I
MIGHT ASK A FAVOR FROM
YOU. I KNOW THIS IS OUT
OF THE BLUE, BUT--

WHOA, COWGIRL. A FAVOR?
I DON'T EVEN HAVE A NAME
OUT OF YOU YET. WHAT'S
WITH THE FAVORS?

I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE
SUPER-HEROES. YOU DON'T
ACT LIKE ONE. YOU CERTAINLY
DON'T DRESS LIKE ONE.

WELL, I'M NOT SURE WHERE
YOU HEARD THAT, BUT IT'S
ENOUGH OF AN INSULTING
PRESUMPTION ON YOUR PART,
THAT I PROMISE I AM HANG-
ING UP IF I DON'T GET A
NAME OF YOU, TOUT SUITE.

SIGH.
I'M SORRY IF I UPSET YOU.
MY FATHER IS ALAN SCOTT.
HE USED TO BE A GREEN
LANTERN UNTIL RECENTLY.
MY NAME IS JENNY HAYDEN-
SCOTT. THOUGH I GUESS I'M
BETTER KNOWN BY MY
SUPER-HERO NAME.

THE LINK BETWEEN US. YOU AND
ME, WE'RE BOTH THE CHILDREN
OF SUPER-HEROES. OUR FATHERS
ARE FRIENDS, IN FACT. I THOUGHT...
I KNOW THIS IS ABRUPT, BUT...

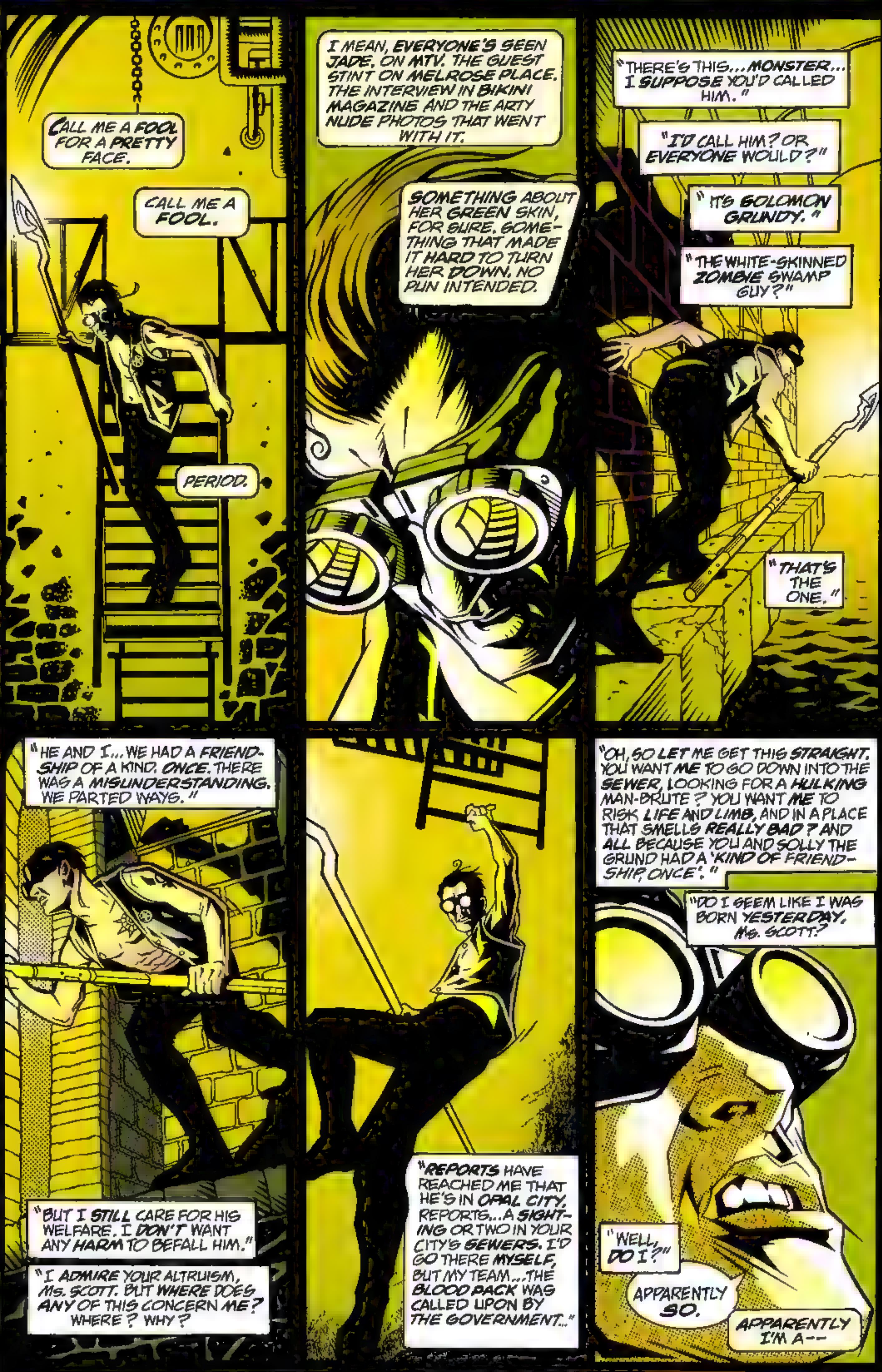
YEAH, O.K. OUR FATHERS
ARE FRIENDS? WHO'S
YOUR FATHER? YOU
OBVIOUSLY KNOW WHO
MINE IS. WHY WON'T
YOU SAY?

HELLO.

HE...HELLO.

IS THIS JACK
KNIGHT?

IT'S JADE.



WARRHH

SWEET
SON
OF A--

I AM WONDERING...

H.95

NO HURRRRTT

ZAP

URGH

...WHAT I'M GOING
TO DO ABOUT
MYSELF.

I AGREED TO THIS...NOT BECAUSE IT'S
GOOD AND RIGHT, BUT BECAUSE I'M
TURNED ON BY SOME GREEN-SKINNED
CHICK, WHO PROBABLY WOULDN'T GIVE
ME THE TIME OF DAY IF SHE DIDN'T NEED
ME.

Nooo
AHHHH

ROD.

THIS.

SPLASHING ABOUT IN...
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO
THINK WHAT...WITH...

...WITH...

...WHATEVER
SOLLY THE GRUND
IS.



SALLY'S FRIENDS HAD JUST GOTTEN TWISTER BOUGHT FOR THEM, AND SHE'D RUN OFF TO PLAY IT.

SHE'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME. I COULD HAVE BEEN CARRIED OFF BY AN EAGLE FOR ALL SHE CARED.

EVEN AFTER SHE WAS RUN DOWN AND KILLED BY THAT DRUNK DRIVER, I NEVER FORGAVE HER.

JADE... GETTING ME TO VENTURE DOWN HERE...

I NEVER SPOKE TO HER AGAIN. NEVER. FORGAVE.

...SHE'S JUST ANOTHER SALLY PURPLE. AND ME, I'M AN IDIOT.

IF I DO THE RIGHT THINGS BUT FOR THE WRONG REASONS, THEN I'M JUST DOING THE WRONG THINGS REALLY. THINGS THAT AREN'T TRUE TO ME.

TRUE TO--

NNNNYYY...

...THAARRR...

XRAY



THE SYMBOLS AND THE SIGNS
WITHIN HER FATHER'S NOTES
SHE UNDERSTOOD.

NOT THAT SHE UNDERSTOOD
SCIENCE. BUT SHE UNDER-
STOOD HER FATHER AND HIS
WORK.

AND THAT WAS
ENOUGH.

SHE KNEW THE RIGHT
BUTTONS TO PUSH. THE
GAUGES TO READ. THE
LEVERS TO PULL.

BUT AS THE GASES FILLED HER
LUNGS AND THE FLASHES OF
ENERGY PULSED FROM GLOBED
DISCHARGERS, HITTING HER
BODY AGAIN AND AGAIN, SHE
COULDN'T SAY WHAT THEY
WERE OR WHY THEY DID.

SHE KNEW BRIGHT LIGHT
FROM THE ENERGY THAT
TAP DANCED BEFORE
HER.

SHE KNEW THE HUM OF A BIG
DADDY BULLFROG, THAT
FILLED THE AIR, AND WAS
ACTUALLY THE WHIR OF
COUNTLESS ENGINES AND
GIROS IN SYNC WITH THEM-
SELVES.

SHE THOUGHT BRIEFLY,
SOMETHING THAT HAD,
FUNNLY, NEVER OCCURRED
TO HER PRIOR TO THIS...

...HOW BRILLIANT
HER FATHER WAS.
TO HAVE INVENTED
ANYTHING... BUT
ESPECIALLY THIS.

AND THEN SHE
THREW UP.
AND THEN SHE
FAINTED.

AND WHEN SHE AWOKE,
THE SYMBOLS AND THE
SIGNS AND WHETHER
SHE UNDERSTOOD
THEM OR NOT, NO
LONGER MATTERED.

ONLY ONE
THING.

ONE WORD.

SUCCESS.

SOME
EXPRESSIONS
GET USED TOO
OFTEN.

"TOMORROW IS ANOTHER
DAY" IS ONE SUCH TERM.

THOUGH FOR MANY, THEIR
LIVES MIRED IN ROUTINE,
SUCH IS INDEED THE WAY,
THE SAME, THE SAME, THE
SAME, DAWN TO DUSK, TO
NIGHT, TO DAWN AGAIN.



BUT NOT IN OPAL CITY.
NOT THIS CITY, AT LEAST
NOT THIS TOMORROW.

A DRAMA IS BEGINNING.

THE PLAYERS ARE GATHERED.

AND
EVERYONE
WILL HAVE A
ROLE TO
PLAY.

TOMORROW, ON A
DAY UNLIKE ANY
OTHER.

WHEN WHAT MAKES A HERO
WILL BE DEFINED IN THE
THOUGHTS AND ACTIONS
OF EACH SOUL SHOWN
HERE.

OR WHAT
MAKES A
VILLAIN...

WHAT
MAKES
A
VILLAIN...

...AND AN ENEMY
FOR LIFE.

JACK
KNIGHT...

...I AM GOING TO
GIVE YOU SUCH
A BIG WET
KISS.

JUST YOU
WAIT.

THE END

H-95

Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT
AWESOME
LOOKS LIKE!"

DCP